

6

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING BY  
The Washington Herald Company.  
425-427-429 Eleventh St. Phone Main 3300

C. T. MACDONALD.....President and Publisher  
A. B. BACON.....General Manager  
L. M. BELL.....Managing Editor

FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES:  
THE C. B. BUCKWITH SPECIAL AGENCY.  
New York, Tribune Building; Chicago, Tribune Building; St. Louis, Third National Bank Building; Detroit, Ford Building.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY CARRIER:  
Daily and Sunday, 30 cents per month; \$3.00 per year.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL:  
Daily and Sunday, 45 cents per month; \$5.00 per year. Daily only, 35 cents per month; \$4.00 per year.

Entered at the postoffice at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1918.

**The Profiteers Still Amuck.**

As a fashion and a fad, perhaps, the American people accept the shadowy beginnings of things which have been drilled bitterly into the very marrow of the people across the Atlantic. We see on all sides the cult of sacrifice, the rite of economy, the half-sincere mummery of self-denial. They have not yet struck any deep note among us. None of them really hurts. They are hardly more serious than the denial that Lent demands from fashionable parishioners. It has been the aim of the government to make its war restrictions so light that not even the thoughtless would protest against them.

No, it is not the meatless Tuesdays, not even the coalless Mondays, that put any real gall into the American spirit. The policies of the Food Administration are nothing more than light aquatints of gastronomic sacrifice; government war taxation is hardly felt; transportation chaos is borne without great difficulty; the really black side of war is yet unknown in America.

What hurts Americans more than anything else is the blend of patriotism and profits which has crept into many phases of the war, and is striking at them from all sides. Certain price inflation is expected in war times, but not the wild, ungovernable, brazen kind which rears its head in certain business today. The Hog Island revelations, isolated and not characteristic as they doubtless are, increase a general suspicion that a big money-making machine has been established within the portals of the government itself, and that Washington is without real means of protection against the guile and the exactions of profiteers. The public itself is helpless against myriad forms of petty extortion, and it is beginning to believe that the government is in the same boat.

Not oppressed yet by the war consciousness, not called upon for any vital sacrifice, Americans are becoming grim and even morbid on the subject of profiteering. Congress ought not to delay a single day in the consideration of the Lever price-fixing bill. The Food Administration should be strengthened to the point it asks; it should have price-jurisdiction, so that the average man may get what he is paying for, and get it at an equitable exchange. Government contracts should contain no further Hog Island scandals, and relentless war should be waged on those who are tempted to turn this people's war into private profit.

American morale would be immeasurably strengthened by confidence that no man, no group, no class, is to be enabled by the economic dislocation of war to feed and gorge and enrich itself at the cost of another. We want no weedy crop of "war millionaires" rising among us. A certain amount of money is going to be made out of the war as a matter of course; certain industries will be made richer, and others will be impoverished; indeed, if the war continues for any great period, many industries will be made stagnant and almost wrecked. The least the government can do is to keep war profits down to the lowest possible margin.

Sacrifice, when it comes, will be accepted by Americans only when it is imposed, as far as law can make it, equally and impartially on all.

**The American Play in War-Time.**

Out of the crucible of war may come the great American drama, although the quest for that detectable entity has long since been abandoned by the sophisticated public. In this matter, as in practically all others connected with the theater, you will consult the "dope sheet" in vain for an answer. Europe furnishes no guide to a reply, for there is no common rhythm between the American theater and that of the older civilizations across the Atlantic. Our Declaration of Independence in affairs of the drama was issued at least a decade ago, and we are going forward now "on our own," with importations from London and Paris cutting less and less a figure in the total output.

But what of the war theater the world over? In Germany, we know, war has produced utter Thespian sterility, for not a single play has been written by Hauptmann, Schnitzler and other leading German writers since the rape of Belgium. Berlin has had a succession of wild, vulgar farces, interlarded with patriotic spectacles and vaudeville revues. The intellectual theater of Germany has been mute, a helpless victim of militarism. In London the war has produced not a single great play. Pinero was the earliest to recognize the futility of trying to cope with the vast drama before him—of trying to strike a note that would not seem banal, thin, and strident in comparison with the mighty overtones of the war itself. Barrie contributed several trifles, and rendering the war in terms of quaint and whimsical tragedy. Galsworthy has been silent; he has written no war companion piece for his "Strife," "Fraternity" and "Justice."

In France the task of converting the great war tragedy into terms of poetry and drama has been by common consent given to Edmond Rostand. So far as is known, however, he has not yet put a single line on paper. Bernstein is represented by "Elevation," which narrowly missed being a great play. The French theater has had a number of remarkable war plays, most of them of too distinctly Gallic flavor to survive the translation into English. The Parisians have made a noble attempt to do justice to their theme.

Perhaps the public in both London and New York demands that the theater take it away from war, or, at least, deal with the war only in high lights of comedy and satire. War has not deadened the public capacity for amusement; rather has it increased the reaction towards frivolity and fun. This is not due to any thinness of feeling on the part of the English-speaking world; it is simply the Anglo-Saxon way of taking tragedy—not perhaps with the conventional smile on its lips, but

with a jest or a whiff of slang. The Germans went to war singing "The Watch on the Rhine" and shouting "Deutschland Ueber Alles"; the British and Americans swing into action with such stuff as "Tipperary," "Over There," and "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." The first time the Boches heard "Tipperary" they thought Tommy Atkins a pretty light, pin-headed sort of individual, but that was a mistake easily corrected when the "over the top" experimentation began.

It is quite in the natural way of things, therefore, that our first year of war should find a recrudescence of high-grade comedy on the New York stage, and practically no attempt at dealing with the deeper values of the war. We have no American counterpart, so far, of the little slavey in a "Kiss of Cindarella," or of "Hunted Annie" in that war vignette which Hartley Munters wrote for Miss Taylor. These things will come when we develop our own American atmosphere for the war, beyond doubt. But it is doubtful if the next decade will see on either the English or American stage a war play of permanent and classic value. That may be the work of the next generation.

**Lincoln and Edison.**

Somehow we never think of a great man without wondering what sort of a mother he had, and usually we do find that the elements of greatness came from the maternal side.

In Lincoln's mother, Nancy Hanks, we behold the prairie child of "baffled longings and hopes untold," and we know that she died and never knew that she had given to the world one of its greatest men.

So with the greatest of living Americans, Thomas Edison, whose 71st birthday will be celebrated on Monday. We know that he owes much of his success to his selection of his mother. She, too, was a Nancy—Nancy Elliott, a Scotch girl, educated in Canada, and we learn that between mother and son there was a great bond of devotion. It was Nancy Elliott who implanted in young Edison's mind a love of learning and a hunger for knowledge. We are told that it was "her training and teaching that gave his mind its strong bend toward invention and enterprise." When neighbors expostulated with Mrs. Edison for allowing her son to carry so much "rubbish" home, she said: "The world will hear of him yet."

It is doubtful if any two men were ever nearer to the hearts of the people than Lincoln and Edison. Is it not pleasant to know that they owed so much to good mothers who had faith?

**Out of Our Reach.**

"German measles" has been wiped off the sanitary records of Camp Dix and "Liberty measles" substituted. Hanged if we can grasp the psychology of it.

If the measles were not ruthless, if there were a single feature of liberty about it, we could see into it, but the opposite is the fact. Such a low-down, contrary, ferocious malady as the measles is properly named German. And why pollute the term "Liberty" by such association? Gee! if the Old Boy were called "German Devil," we wouldn't name him "Liberty Devil" in order to take a crack at the Kaiser, would we?

Nature is helping the government with its "winter of discontent."

Three papers in Washington issued an extra on the torpedoing of the Tuscania—BUT ONLY ONE THE HERALD, beat all the others. Half an hour before any other paper was on the street The Herald had the city covered like a blanket.

Word comes from New York that John D. Rockefeller is burning wood. He can afford it. If he couldn't, he might be burning kerosene.

"Will the German worm turn?" asks a Washington dispatch. Turn? Thunder! it's got its head in a hole and can't turn!

An army colonel in San Francisco has sued for divorce on the ground that his wife has nagged him for twenty years. One war at a time for him.

Poor Tumulty. Every time some one dies, or resigns, or gets fired, the job is wished on the President's Secretary, for at least three days.

Kaiser concedes a German who has lost his fifth son in the war. Bet that German's thought turned to the Kaiser's sons who haven't been lost in the war.

Secretary Daniels has appointed a Christian Science chaplain in the navy. Can't have too many folks in the navy who always "hope for the best" when pulling the trigger.

Richard Mansfield has joined the Aviation Corps. If he inherited his father's talent he should be a wonder. We know of nobody who went up in the air the way his old man did.

**A Frank Admission.**

Senator Charles B. Henderson, of Nevada, smiled when reference at a dinner was made to the beauty of frank admission. He said he was reminded of an incident along that line.

A charming young girl, who lives in a town called Tremont, recently went to an adjacent city to visit some friends. While there she was induced to take part in a bazaar, and was put in charge of the confectionery booth. Eventually a middle-aged man was led that way.

"They tell me that I must buy some chocolates," he smilingly remarked to the fair visitor, picking up a box of the confectionery. "How much is this?"

"Five dollars, sir," answered the girl, without any visible evidence of conscientious pangs.

"Um," thoughtfully returned the visitor, glancing from the chocolates to the girl, "aren't you a little dear?"

"Well," coyly rejoined the charming one, "that's what all the Tremont boys say."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

**The Song of Coal.**

Oh, the music that I love most to hear,  
Which makes me grin from ear to ear,  
"Though it used to seem like an awful din,  
Is the music of coal being shoveled in."

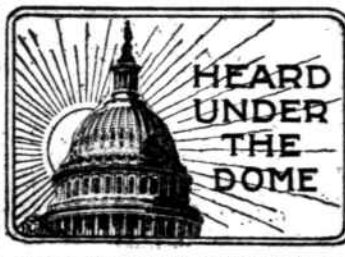
We sit by the cold stove shivering,  
And long for the soft, warm days of spring;  
The coal man comes and our eyes grow bright  
To the musical patter of anthracite.

I've heard Paderewski and Sousa's band,  
And Caruso's voice, so sweet and grand,  
But their tenderest strains will not compare,  
To the music of coal on the frosty air.

VINTON A. HOLBROOK.



DON'T FORGET YOUR INSURANCE! PROTECT YOURSELF AND THE FOLKS AT HOME. APPLY TO-DAY OR REGRET TO-MORROW.



More and more it is plan to be seen that two great forces must win this war—or help most potently to do so.

The force of labor and the force of the agricultural industry must save us. If we are to administer the rebuke we should to the Creator of Kultur these forces must combine with the men on the firing line. They must put into the battle the same spirit our fighting men are putting into the fray.

Two considerations there are which the farmers and the laboring men of the nation, therefore, must bear in mind in entering the summer of our battle.

First, has our country done enough for you to make it worth while for you to do your best for it? And—Second, will your country do enough for you in the future, if it wins, to make it worth your while to fight for it?

To both we answer unequivocally, "yes." And we hope every laboring man and every farmer will join us.

Your country, Mr. Farmer and Mr. Laborer, have given you in the past two or three years unprecedented wages, improved working conditions, more happiness for your families, more consideration for your bank account in the framing of all legislation affecting the public at large.

And, so far as the future is concerned, Mr. Farmer and Mr. Laborer, your country promises you much. The promises will be kept, too. You will be given greater opportunity, still further improved conditions for yourselves and your families.

And if we lose in this mammoth conflict, all that you have sought to be rid of in the past, all the oppression and vice and degradation, will be thrust upon you an hundred fold, and you will pay tribute to a nation of wild creatures for the balance of your lives. And the tribute will be exacted from your children, and your children's children. And with the load of taxes you will carry a burden of blood.

It is up to you, Mr. Farmer and Mr. Laborer, to save yourselves and your nation.

And this your President and your Congress and your FAMILY ask of you.

Mr. Brisbane has another guess coming on Senator Hitchcock. It was the Nebraska Senator who, during the sweltering days of July, inserted a provision in the food control bill which induced farmers of America to sow millions of bushels of wheat for the government.

A charming young girl, who lives in a town called Tremont, recently went to an adjacent city to visit some friends. While there she was induced to take part in a bazaar, and was put in charge of the confectionery booth. Eventually a middle-aged man was led that way.

"They tell me that I must buy some chocolates," he smilingly remarked to the fair visitor, picking up a box of the confectionery. "How much is this?"

"Five dollars, sir," answered the girl, without any visible evidence of conscientious pangs.

"Um," thoughtfully returned the visitor, glancing from the chocolates to the girl, "aren't you a little dear?"

"Well," coyly rejoined the charming one, "that's what all the Tremont boys say."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

**A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR.**  
By John Kendrick Bangs.

**CREEDS.**

Give me creeds—  
That live in deeds—  
Deeds that show the heart is true,  
Words are all the same to me,  
And free as air,  
And may prove the thought of you,  
But the thought  
That is not fought  
To the end with action strong  
Never  
Has cured regret,  
Or unloosed the grip of wrong.  
(Copyright, 1918.)

here, and who have very much to do with our war affairs, though the scene of battle is far, far away from here.

What we want to know is, did Mr. Williams believe this, or did he "just didn't know" what he was saying?

Mr. Brisbane simply will not have done with his quips at the church folks and the rest of us who are very much opposed to the use of intoxicants. He is making the best of a dying cause, apparently. The passage of John Barleycorn to the other side of the river, of course, is an event to be deplored, but Mr. Brisbane will have to make the most out of it. It may be better, after all—certainly it is less harmful to the populace at large—for Mr. Brisbane to write nice things about King Al K. Hall, after he is gone, or while he is going, than when he is present among us and capable of doing harm.

The one is an obituary, and the other an advertisement—and for his late esteemed friend, of a mysterious document which it was thought would play some part in the future deliberations of Congress. We are told by a reliable newspaper writer, who knows a lot of things, that this document was the bill which the Senator later introduced, and which has to do with the co-ordination of the government's war activities. If that is what it was, it indicates a wonderful change somewhere.

A large number of the business men of the country are insistent that the war has, at last, shown who has been playing politics with the railroads of the nation. The statement is that ambitious public men, eager to grab at issues which would aid their induction into office, have not hesitated to use the railroads as the means for their elevation.

That this is true, to some extent, is seen on every hand. But it is also true that in many States the railroads played the first political game. If the people retaliated on them by playing the game, and if the carriers eventually became the prey of some of the petty politicians and designing demagogues, they have themselves to blame, to some degree.

The sincere hope of all well-wishers of the country is that men of vision and of prudence, and the utmost honesty, will direct the affairs of the carriers and their governmental relationships for the next two or three years.

**THE OBSERVER.**

**OPHELIA'S SLATE.**

This comes from an East Side school room.

Teacher—How old are you, Ike?  
Ike—Five; tree on the cars.

**Recreation Room For Soldiers Is Suspended**

The recreation room for soldiers and sailors in the central building of the Public Library has been closed. During the month that it has been kept open there has been a steady attendance but the number of visitors has been too small to justify the expenditure for heat and light and the efforts of the ladies of the Twentieth Century Club who have supervised the room.

As a large number of officers and men constantly frequent the general and industrial reading rooms of the library it is believed that they prefer the facilities for reading and study regularly afforded by the libraries rather than recreational facilities.

**Children**

Should not be "dosed" for colds—apply externally—  
**VICKS VAPORUB**



New York, Feb. 7.—Nearly every season a new poet or verse libre artist bolts up to be fawned over by the ever-growing section of New Yorkers who delight in sitting at the feet of the great Harry Kemp, the tramp poet from Kansas, was picked up several years ago by the tea drinking set but after he had stumbled around in drawing rooms barking his shins against rare furniture he revolted and went back to Greenwich Village.

C. L. Edson, who came from Arkansas and talked about hogs, feuds, and hook-worms was a literary idol for a season until he began to wear silk shirts and go to the opera and collect royalties.

But New York's newest poet idol seems, as the sporting editor says, to have something different on the ball. He is Benjamin De Casseres and he shuns the fawners and lives his own life in his own way. He doesn't wear flowing ties and he visits the barber regularly.

His associates are mostly free lances of the town and at a corner in Jack's nightie he can be found expounding rare bits of philosophy. He knows how to make money and how to take it to the bank.

One of his startling bits of verse, just written, is a sample of his style and critics agree that it is a knock-out. Here it is:

The click-click of the perpetual marble  
As it whirls on the Wheels of Chance  
Turned by the hand of the Blind Croupier,  
In the gambling houses of the Un-born.

The drip drip of souls  
Measured and eternal  
As they seep through their coffins  
Into the cellars of Death.

Seen around the town: A wine-dusted millionaire leading the orchestra in a Broadway cafe. A little, dapper man in white spots darning a driver who was beating a horse to get off his wagon. Gene Buck, Broadway's niftiest dresser, in a purple sweater. Houdini, the handcuff king, coughing his way through the Waldorf. A professor of English in a New York college reading a zippy story type of magazine. A Kentucky millionaire tipping a hat check boy a penny while he restores his top.

Here is some interesting information. Butler, who butte for New York's wealthy families are going to hold a convention very soon. Alas, too soon. They have enlisted in the food conservation campaign and are going to decide the best ways and means of reducing their employees' pay windows. That's all there is to the story. It's short but it isn't half as short as the food rationers of those who employ butlers will be.

Eugene Kealey Allen, White Way raconteur, tells of a man who walked wearily into the grill bar of a Tenderloin club and asked the barkeep to fix him up something that would restore his pep. "I don't know what is the matter with me," he complained. "I can't sleep. I will drink and I won't work."

This comes from an East Side school room.

Teacher—How old are you, Ike?  
Ike—Five; tree on the cars.

**Recreation Room For Soldiers Is Suspended**

The recreation room for soldiers and sailors in the central building of the Public Library has been closed. During the month that it has been kept open there has been a steady attendance but the number of visitors has been too small to justify the expenditure for heat and light and the efforts of the ladies of the Twentieth Century Club who have supervised the room.

As a large number of officers and men constantly frequent the general and industrial reading rooms of the library it is believed that they prefer the facilities for reading and study regularly afforded by the libraries rather than recreational facilities.

**Children**

Should not be "dosed" for colds—apply externally—  
**VICKS VAPORUB**

**PRESS CLUB COLOR PICTURE NIGHT**

Secretary Daniels Will Be Guest at Exhibition.

"Navy Night" will be the feature of the National Press Club's series of winter events this evening, at the quarters in the Riggs Building, 1515 and G streets northwest, as well as a number of the chiefs of bureaus of the Navy Department and other officers now in Washington. As the attraction of the evening the Prima (Inc.), of New York, company, a number of gentlemen who are interested in color motion picture photography will give a private showing for the first time in this city, of the film "Our Navy" which has recently created great interest in New York and Boston.

In natural colors the ships of the service in preparation, at work in action will be shown. E. K. Koon, a pioneer in color photography and president of the company, will also be present. There will be music and brief speeches. Among those who have accepted invitation to be present are the Secretary of the Navy, Admiral Leigh C. Palmer, Admiral David W. Taylor, Admiral R. H. Karle, Admiral Samuel Samuel (Jovan), Admiral C. J. Peoples, Admiral Parkes, Commander H. Sparrow (also the Secretary of the Navy), and other high officials of the service, besides heads of division officers of the navy yard, and members of the Senate and House Naval Committees.

An exhibition will be made of posters used for navy recruiting.

**Sly Shots at the Solons**  
By THE OBSERVER.

One Albert J. Beveridge used represent Indiana in the United States Senate. Where is he now and where are his statues? A sabbath R. T. is he still for the colonies he must be quite still.

Hoke Smith says there's too much price-fixing going on. There is enough of it, say the farmers of West. Between the two extreme positions Congress must choose some time between now and November.

Some one suggested that Cobb should run for the House, no one suggested what it what a trick he should thrust himself upon will some one kindly furnish balance of the suggestion?

The title of the Overman bill, bringing about a co-ordination of war activities, sends a shiver down the President to co-ordinating the executive agencies, officers and other purposes in the interest of economy and THE MORE EFFICIENT ADMINISTRATION OF THE GOVERNMENT. That looks like an admission that the present operation is not effective, doesn't it?

Carter Glass speaks the language of the patriot and so do those who are trying to remedy some of the present evils of our war-making system. But there is no use trying to remedy some of our present weaknesses and our gross inefficiency.

It is the belief of some of the Republicans in both House and Senate that the country stands very well the position of that party on the war—the record, they say, speaks for itself. The members all have sons and brothers and others who are in the ranks and they are just as anxious to win as the Democrats, who also have loved ones in the ranks. This is as it should be.

James L. Cowles, of the World Postal League, is a familiar figure about the legislative premises who might be listed as a lobbyist, but whose earnings from that source are only the satisfaction he gets in occasionally seeing some of his ideas incorporated into law. That is quite different than the interest some other lobbyists have in legislation so some of the members think.

A constitutional lawyer of the upper house declared yesterday that under the provisions of the Overman bill the President, through his Postmaster General, could completely turn over the operation of the Postoffice Department—in other words, Mr. Burleson could do just what he has, in some instances, been doing, namely, to have an enactment from doing in the past.

"In their desire to make up for a late appearance on the street, an afternoon paper and a morning paper ragged out into the residence sections between the hours of midnight and 3 a. m. with their extras. They succeeded in selling few papers, but in half-waking many people. I am glad that the Herald's plan, said a drowsy law-maker yesterday. Early to press and early to readers, is the Herald motto, and the plan is both profitable and popular."

**The Hopes and Fears of Humanity**

The seething mob of suffering humanity robed and swayed to and fro in the rain and hail of blackest night, jostling, pushing, pulling, mashing, crushing, kicking and otherwise mutilating one another.

The wailing of children, the weeping of women and the cries of the aged and infirm could be heard above the roaring, rasping voices of infuriated men—good men, bad men, innocent men, suffering howling, clothing at the mouth.

Never before in the history of the world had there been gathered together such a multitude of writhing and twisting men, women and children. Bad men, men of twisted underfoot; cripples were struck down without mercy. The anxious, staring eyes of all were turned in one direction.

They were waiting, waiting, waiting, peering into eternity, it seemed. There was only one thought in each mind—one thought, one hope, one desire.

They must see the light! It must shine upon them! They would not go to their homes. They would freeze or starve where they stood before they would give up their hope of seeing the light.

At last! At last! A Fourteenth street car!

**Children**

Should not be "dosed" for colds—apply externally—  
**VICKS VAPORUB**

**OVER THE TOP**

THE STUBBORN MUSICAL PRODUCTION NOW PLAYING THE THEATRE WITH

Ed. Wynn, Justine Johnston, Craig Campbell, Laurie & Bronson and fifty others. THE MANAGEMENT TAKES PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING THAT THIS ATTRACTION WILL REMAIN IN WASHINGTON NEXT WEEK.

COMING ON SUNDAY: "NIGHT OF THE DEMAND FOR SEATS HAS BEEN UNPRECEDENTED. THEREFORE ARRANGEMENTS HAD TO BE MADE TO EXTEND THE ENGAGEMENT ANOTHER WEEK."

**MATINEE TODAY "OVER THE TOP"**

**NEWMAN** Traveltalks Color Views Motion Pictures 6 WEST 9 INDIES

Once Only Sun. at 3

POPULAR PRICES, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. NOTE—There will be no lecture Sunday night. All course tickets honored Sunday afternoon.

**POLI'S** Musical Comedy Players 50 Singers, Dancers, Comedians. In the Scrambling Musical Comedy. A KNIGHT FOR A DAY

Next Week—A Hawaiian Follies.

**B. F. KEITH'S** 25c and up "One of the Best" Gus Edwards' Greatest

**ANNUAL SONG REVUE** LeRoy, Talma & Boice "The Slave of Mystery" Joe Heather & Co. Six Others. Next Week—Julian Eltinge.

**GAYETY** Burlesque De Luxe. "Follies of the Day" With Frank Mackay, Gertrude Hayes and Chester Selzer in

"OH, YOU SHAKESPEARE!" Next Week... Star and Garter Show

**MATS. STRAND** 15c TODAY AND SATURDAY "The Price of a Good Time" With Mildred Harris and Kenneth Harlan.

**MATS. GARDEN** 15c TODAY AND SATURDAY MAE MURRAY in "FACE VALUE"

**LOEW'S COLUMBIA** 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Continuous 10:30 A. M. to 11 P. M. ALL THIS WEEK

**MARY PICKFORD** in "STELLA MARIS"

**PLAZA** 434 9th St. N. W. TODAY ONLY HAROLD LOCKWOOD in "THE AVENGING TRAIL"

**ARCADE** 14th and Park Road. SELECT DANCING

Wonderful Music Tonight—Week-end Dance